Shroud of Gloom

Rigor Mortis

Lying rigid on a table trying to move, I am not able
On my face a blood stained cloth I am dead but I am so pissed offI will possess my shroud take life for which I vowed
Choke men into their tombs I am the shroud of gloom
I will not stop 'till I am satisfied
Sending victims to the death zone squeeze their throat breaking the neckbone
Pulling entrails out of their mouths take revenge ripping their guts outIn the dark alleys morbid actions rotting corpses give me satisfaction
Senseless murder I have mastered cruel vengeance killing those bastards

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